46 H—n J—b. Jnr

MURDER no CRIME:

OR,

An Appeal to the Tender-hearted.

BEING,

The humble REMONSTRANCE of Mr. *Jacob Hanbman*, a Foreigner, now in *Newgate*, for the ſuppoſed Murther of a Man on *Mile-end* Road.

Addreſs'd to all Perſons, whether M———s, or others, who have the Sufferings of ſuch Delinquents at Heart, and are greater Admirers of Mercy than Juſtice.

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MURDER no CRIME:

BRITISH MUSEUM

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OR,

An Appeal to the Tender-hearted.

WHEREAS it is known to many who either ſaw, or heard of, the murther'd Perſon, found lately in a Ditch near *M——n*, that I, as the Perſon moſt ſuſpected of this horrid Fact, was taken up, clap'd into *Newgate*, and heavily loaded with Irons for the ſame; a Severity of Treatment only uſed towards Criminals in thoſe Countries where Murther is thought more of than in this. Admitting I was guilty, (which is a Fact I will neither confeſs or deny, leaving this Matter to the Breaſts of a merciful Jury to acquit me if innocent, or to the Clemency of a more merciful M——y to pardon me if condemn'd) I will proceed to ſuch Vindication of my Crime, as ſhall not only leſſen it in the Eyes of all conſidering Perſons, but retort its I—my on thoſe, who, by their great R——neſs in ſeeing the Laws duly executed, have not only been the C—rs of this, but many more M——rs.

'Tis a Maxim in Government, that whatever State neglects to puniſh Crimes, creates them. Of this, your own City has been a moſt ſhining Example; the great Lenity ſhewn to Murderers of late, has increaſed them to ſuch a Degree, that ſcarce a Day paſſes ſome Slaughter or other does not happen. Some have been mangled and cut to Pieces in the open Streets at Noon-day, by thoſe deteſtable Limbs of the Law, call'd C——s; others have been murther'd at Night, going peaceably to their Homes, by the vileſt of Ruffians; and others have had their Brains knock'd out by thoſe Implements of Trade and Induſtry call'd Hammers. In *London* and *Paris*, where I lived many Years, I cannot enumerate ſo many Murthers committed in them both, as, in a ſhorter Space of Time, have been perpetrated in this City. And to what is all this owing? — Is it not evident, that the great Security with which Men commit theſe Violences, will be always a ſtrong Encouragement for their continuing them? Who, though timorous in their Natures, would forego the Sweets of Revenge, or Hopes of large Gain, were they ſure, in every Act of this Kind, to come off with Impunity. To maim a Man is penal, and puts the Purſe to ſome Expence; but to kill him outright, is attended with no Detriment at all. What Wonder then, if, encouraged by what I ſaw, I diveſted my Breaſt of all Humanity, and committed the Fact I did, a Fact which (if Evil) can be attributed to your falſe Tenderneſs only. Had your Strictneſs in puniſhing thoſe Crimes painted a Gallows ſo ſtrongly to my Mind, that, on a Diſcovery, I could ſee no Means of evading it, 'tis very poſſible I might have refrain'd from the Action, and the Man been alive at this Day. But now the Deed is done, and, in my Mind,

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'tis yourſelves only that are accountable for it. In *France*, we, Fellows of ſavage Diſpoſitions, generally think of the Rack, or ſome ſuch Inſtrument of Horror, before we proceed upon Action. Theſe Reflections are main Coolers of all violent Reſolutions; and I will venture to affirm, if it were not for the troubleſome Thoughts that occur in theſe Speculations, (weighing the Diſpoſition of the People to revenge) *Paris* would, at this Day, be one Scene of Blood and Confuſion, as *Dublin* now is. The People there are wiſe, and know, if they kill, they will be executed; but here it is otherwiſe; the Killer is generally ſaved, the Kill'd bury'd, and there is no more of it. Not but I knew, at the Time I committed this Fact, the Diſcovery would make me liable to ſome Trouble and Impriſonment; but then I comforted myſelf with Hopes, that, by Means of the Interceſſion of ſome great Man, to whom I had ſerved as Cook, or ſome ſlight Petition of my own, in which was contain'd more Intreaty than Reaſon, I ſhould ſoon be relieved from ſuch diſagreeable Durance, and ſuffer'd to walk the Streets (as many Murderers now do) with as much Liberty as ever.

But to come cloſer to the Point, and give an Excuſe ſtill more cogent than any has yet been offer'd; it muſt be obſerved, that what other Ruffians do wantonly, and without any View of Profit to themſelves, I did for my own private Gain. I knew the Deceaſed's Pockets were well lined with what the World, of late Years, is become ſo enamour'd of; there were contain'd, in the Cavity of his ample Purſe, ſeveral bright, clear, charming, irreſiſtible Guineas, enough to make a Whore forſwear her Trade, or a Bawd her Prayers, (as the Play has it.) And was not this a Temptation? What Perſon, nurtured up in the Love of

Gain

Gain from his Cradle, and taught to believe that Money is the greateſt of all earthly Bleſſings, could withſtand ſo fair an Occaſion? Let the Courtier, who every Day ſells his Country for a Bribe or a Penſion, (which, in my Opinion, is a much higher Crime) lay his Hand to his Heart, and ſay if there be any great Harm in all this Matter People affect to make ſuch a Fuſs about. I kill'd but one Man; he, in a political Senſe, (by voting againſt his Country's Intereſt) is the Deſtruction of Thouſands. But 'tis a Cuſtom I have obſerved to prevail as well in *E——d* as here, that ſmall Crimes are puniſh'd, while the greater ones are not only overlook'd, but generally rewarded. Let others ſeek Preferment for their Crimes, and grow clamorous till they get it, Pardon is all I aſk for mine; and, indeed, if Decency may be any Excuſe for Inhumanity, be it farther noted, that when your home-bred Ruffians murther a Man, they generally leave his Carcaſs to rot in the Streets; I very piouſly threw him into a Ditch, from whence if he roſe, 'twas not owing to any Want of Care, for I caſt as many Stones on him as might have ſerved for a Monument, and kept him bury'd for a much longer Seaſon; but, alas! he roſe, and I muſt now ſuffer for what was never my Intent, his appearing to confront me. The ſhort of the Matter is, if you hang me, you will be guilty of an Act of great Partiality. Beſides, it muſt be conſtrued Malice in you by the People Abroad, to relax the Laws in Favour of your own Natives, and exerciſe the Severity of them only on poor Foreigners. You, *Ir—ſh*, (I have heard it ſaid) are the blindeſt People in the World, with regard to real Merit, and don't know the Value of having uſeful Men among you. 'Tis not long ſince I wrote to a Bravo, a Relation of mine in *Italy*,

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(ſeeing how rife Murthers were in this City) to come over, and bring two or three Dozen of his own Profeſſion with him, not doubting but they would all find Work enough at the enſuing S—n of P———t. They are now, as I am informed by my laſt Letters, on the Road; but what think you will be the Conſequence, when they come to hear of my Cataſtrophe? Why, you may be aſſured they will go back again, and leave you to the Drudgery of killing one another yourſelves. Without ſuitable Encouragement, no Art can proſper, and I am ſure the Gallows is a Reward very few Adventurers are fond of. To trouble you no farther with my Apologies, I will only add this; that if you think me a Nuſance, and no longer fit to live among you, ſend me where my Crimes may be of Benefit to you. A War is juſt upon the Point of breaking out between you and the *French*; uſe then my Treachery on them, to revenge my Treachery towards you. I will (with your Permiſſion) go among them; and wherever I hear the Sinews of War are lodged, I will firſt (if no unlucky Accident intervenes) cut their Throats, and rob them after. This, beſides enriching myſelf, will be a ſignal Advantage to you, as it will make them the leſs capable of reſiſting you. Theſe, and many more Advantages, I could point out as the Reſult of your ſaving me; but as I have been thus long already, and know all Kind of Petitions, without ſomething elſe to back them, muſt neceſſarily grow tedious and irkſome, I ſhall ſay no more, but that I am your Well-wiſher and Friend, upon all Occaſions to ſerve,

J----B H--------N.

P. S.

P. S. A Sollicitor, whom I have employ'd ſince my being lodged here, to ſeek out Quirks for Evaſions of Circumſtances when my Trial comes on, adviſes, that I ſhould get myſelf enroll'd among the Liſt of C———s; for then, ſays he, the chief Men in the C—y, who now exerciſe its M———y, will look upon you as one of themſelves, and be induced to intercede in your Favour; but as Ruffians of other Denominations have eſcaped lately, as well as them, I think the Caution needleſs; and that the ——— (purſuing the Cuſtom of the Times) will, if I be convicted, without any Intereſt, or Trouble of my own, give me a moſt full and abſolute Pardon.

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